SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE
NOVEMBER
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE
10¢
A Charlton Publication

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MEN · WOMEN
Boy and Girl Scouts
Camp Fire Girls - News Boys!

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SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE Volume 1, Number 1 NOVEMBER, 1958

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(Printed in U.S.A.)

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

introducing LUKE SPADE--PRIVATE CITIZEN

FAT JACK SPADE WORE THE BADGE FOR QUITE A WHILE IN TOMBSTONE--HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH IN HIS BATTERED DERBY AND SHINY BLUE PANTS BUT THE BIG-BORED GREENER SHOTGUN HE TOTED RATED A LOT OF RESPECT! ONLY ONE MAN IN TOMBSTONE DIDN'T REALLY APPRECIATE THE SHERIFF--HIS GUN-QUICK, FREE-SWINGING SON, LUKE!

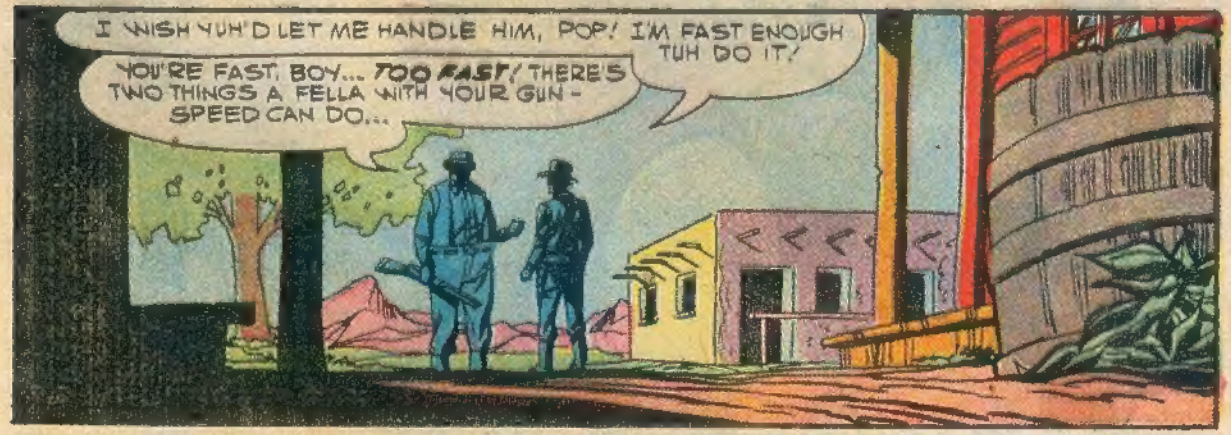
YOUNG LUKE'S GOT AS MUCH GUTS AS HIS DAD -- WISH HE HAD HIS SENSE!
BREAK IT UP THERE! HOLD STILL OR YOU'LL BOTH BE PICKIN' OUT BUCKSHOT FOR A WEEK!
S4643

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

I DUNNO, THAT FOOL KID O' YOURS JUST JUMPED ME OUTA MEANNESS! I'LL FIX HIM YET!
HE WAS GONNA GET YUH, DAD! I HEARD 'IM AN' TOLD 'IM TUH GO FOR HIS GUNS!

SHERIFF SPADE HID IT WELL -- BUT HE WAS PROUD OF HIS FIGHTING SON -- AND IMPATIENT AT HIS LACK OF SAVVY...

ALL RIGHT, WICHITA -- I HEARD BOTH SIDES! NOW, GO GET YORE HOSS AN' RIDE OUT! DON'T COME BACK, HEAR? I MEAN IT, MISTER!
ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF, I'LL GO!


I WISH YUH'D LET ME HANDLE HIM, POP! I'M FAST ENOUGH TUH DO IT!
YOU'RE FAST, BOY... TOO FAST! THERE'S TWO THINGS A FELLA WITH YOUR GUN-SPEED CAN DO...

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LUKE WAS TWENTY-THREE... AND HE LOOKED YOUNGER! GUN-FIGHTERS WITH BIG REPUTATIONS NEVER DID TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY IN TIME TO AVOID TROUBLE...

ART Mc PIKE WAS AS FAST AS BILLY THE KID, HICKOK, OR WYATT EARP! HE HAD A START AS HE WENT FOR HIS .38 SMITH AND WESSON! HE WAS SMOOTH, SNAKE-FAST...

THE CONFUSED SPECTATORS HEARD THE ROAR-- THEY WERE WATCHING LUKE TO SEE WHERE HE'D GET HIT...
HE DID IT! HE BEAT Mc PIKE TO THE DRAW!

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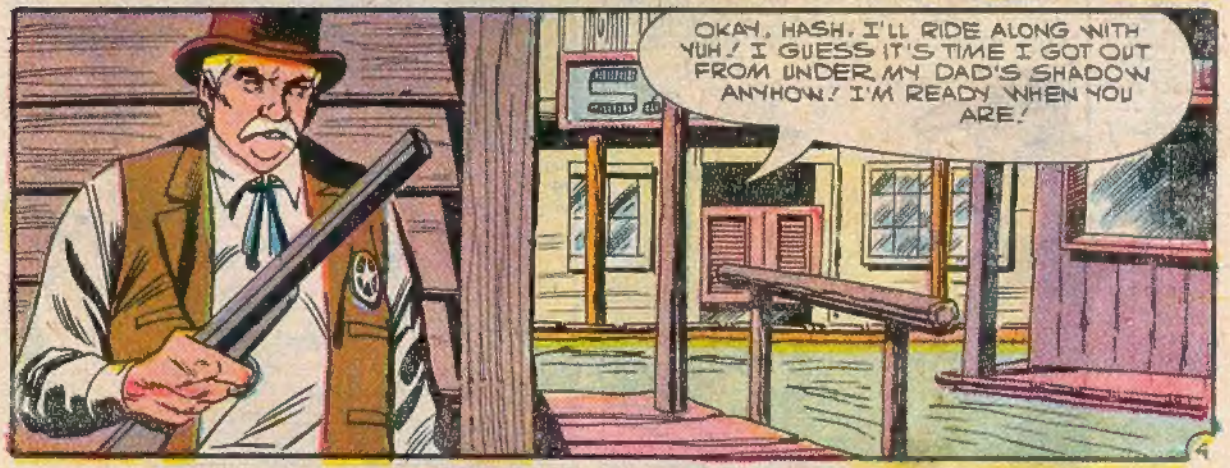
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF SPADE ARRIVED A MINUTE LATER.. HE UNDERSTOOD IT ALL WHEN HE SAW LUKE THERE AND Mc PIKE WOUNDED...

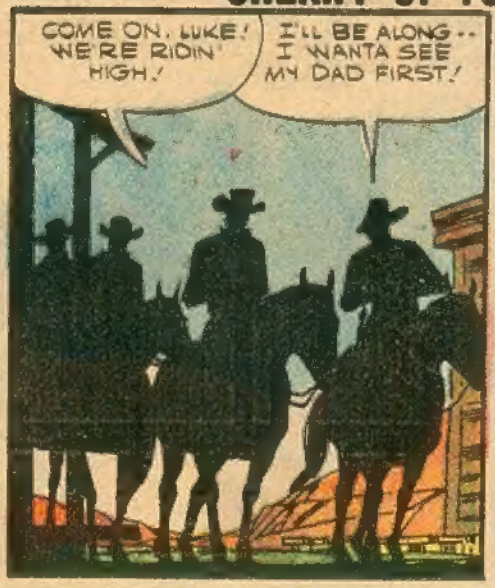
...I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE! LUKE, IF YUH BURN ONE MORE SHELL IN TOMBSTONE--YUH CAN RIDE OUT! I GET PAID TUH KEEP PEACE HERE--I AIM TUH DO IT!

SOUNDS LIKE FAT JACK MEANT IT, LUKE! SOMEONE'LL BE AFTER YUH NOW! YUH BEAT Mc PIKE...THEY'LL BUILD A REP IF THEY DOWN YUH!
I LOSE EITHER WAY, HASH!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE BURLY SHERIFF SAW THE GANG LEAVING THE ROYAL FLUSH... HE KNEW THEM ALL, CARELESS, HIGH-LIVING, ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW! THE LAST MAN OUT WAS HIS SON, LUKE SPADE...



I'M RIDIN' OUT, DAD! I'LL BE BACK SOME TIME!
JUST REMEMBER, LUKE, YUH C'N TAKE CARE OF YORESELF! DON'T LET 'EM STAMPEDE YUH INTUH ANY FOOLISHNESS!

YOUNG LUKE SPADE WAS RIDING WITH TONIO HART'S GANG -- HE DIDN'T KNOW THE OTHERS, HE'D TALKED TO HASH WILEY AND LIKED WHAT HE HEARD...

WE HAVE A JOB THREE DAYS FROM NOW, SPADE! A FRIEND OF MINE IS HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH RUSTLERS! YOU'LL RIDE WITH US, WON'T YUH?
SURE HE WILL, TONIO! LUKE'S GONNA BE UP FRONT WHEN THE BULLETS FLY!

THIS IS THE LIFE -- THESE GENTS ARE ROUGH BUT THAT'S THE KIND I LIKE SIDIN' ME IN A TIGHT SPOT! I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TUH BUSTIN' UP THAT RUSTLER GANG!
CONTINUED

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

'OWLHOOT RIDER'

TONIO HART HAD TWO REASONS FOR RAIDING THE CROSS L ROUND-UP CAMP -- HE HAD AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE AND HE WANTED YOUNG LUKE SPADE UP FRONT THROWING LEAD WHEN THE RAID CAME OFF! HE HAD HIS REASONS...

SEE THAT, BOSS? SPADE FLIPPED THAT GUN AN' BE-HEADED THAT SIDEWINDER SO FAST I STILL AIN'T SURE I SAW IT! HE'S DANGEROUS!
NO, HE'S NOT, HASH! HE'S A FOOL KID WE CAN USE TO MAKE MONEY!

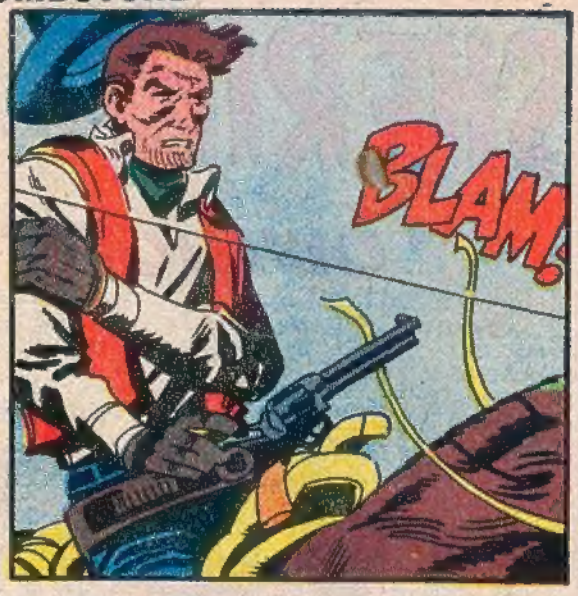
ONCE LUKE BURNS POWDER IN THIS RAID, HE'LL BE AN OUTLAW TOO! THEN, WE C'N USE HIM BACK IN TOMBSTONE -- HIS DAD'S THE SHERIFF, HE WON'T WANT TUH SEE HIS ONLY SON GET HURT!
I GET IT, TONIO! 'SA GOOD PLAN!

HART'S GANG MOVED IN ON THE CROSS L CAMP BEFORE DAWN! LUKE SPADE STILL THOUGHT IT WAS A RUSTLER GANG AND WHAT THEY WERE DOING WAS WITHIN THE LAW...

S 4644

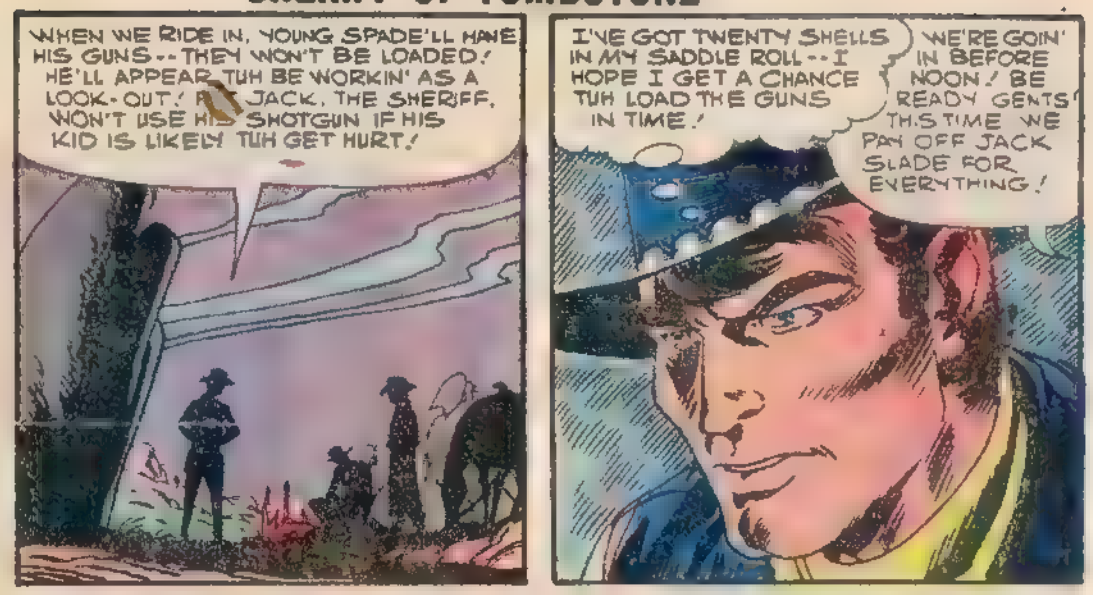
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

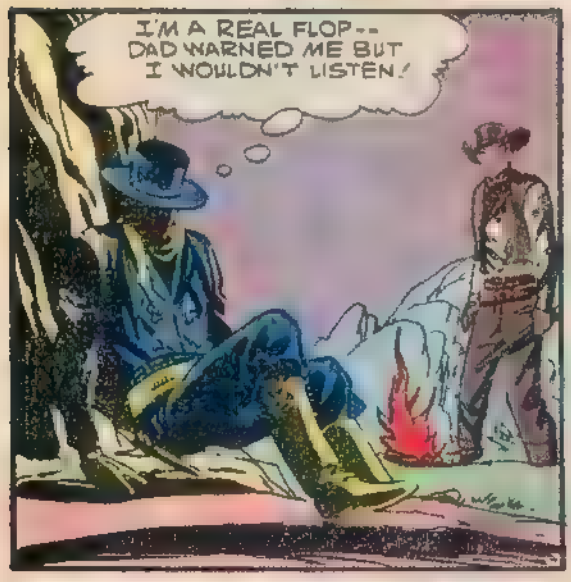
LUKE SPADE DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING WRONG UNTIL THE RAID WAS WELL UNDER WAY! THEN -- HE SAW HASH WILEY, HIS SMILING PAL, RIDE TOWARDS ONE OF THE WOUNDED MEN...



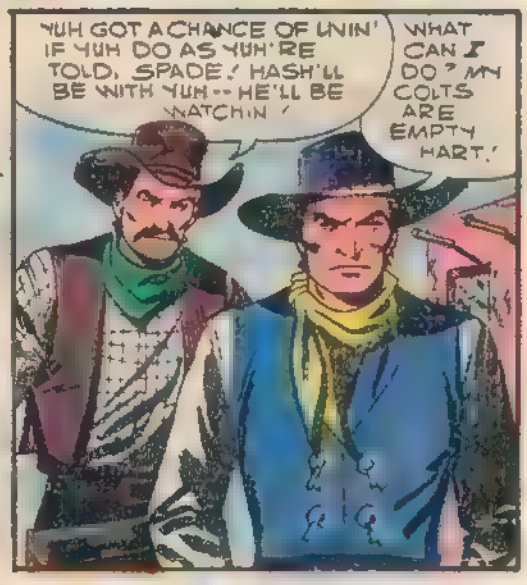
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE SHERIFF'S SON LEARNED THE REST OF HART'S PLAN THAT NIGHT! IT STARTED WITH A RAID ON THE TOMB-STONE BANKS...

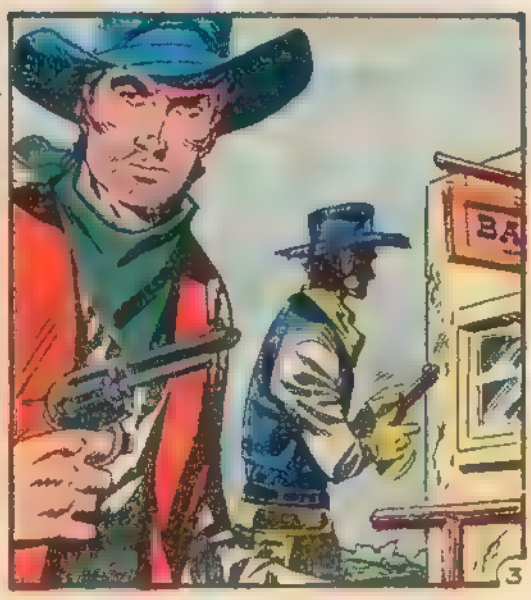

WHEN WE RIDE IN, YOUNG SPADE'LL HAVE HIS GUNS -- THEY WON'T BE LOADED! HE'LL APPEAR TUH BE WORKIN' AS A LOOK-OUT! BUT JACK, THE SHERIFF, WON'T USE HIS SHOTGUN IF HIS KID IS LIKELY TUH GET HURT!
I'VE GOT TWENTY SHELLS IN MY SADDLE ROLL -- I HOPE I GET A CHANCE TUH LOAD THE GUNS IN TIME!
WE'RE GOIN' IN BEFORE NOON! BE READY GENTS! THIS TIME WE PAN OFF JACK SLADE FOR EVERYTHING!



HART'S GANG RODE BACK INTO TOMB-STONE AT ELEVEN-THIRTY THAT MORNING! SHERIFF SPADE WAS IN HIS OFFICE, UNAWARE OF THEIR ARRIVAL...


YUH GOT A CHANCE OF LIVIN' IF YUH DO AS YUH'RE TOLD, SPADE! HASH'LL BE WITH YUH -- HE'LL BE WATCHIN'
WHAT CAN I DO? MY COLTS ARE EMPTY HART!

HASH WILEY WAS WATCHING THE STREET... HE WAS THINKING ABOUT SHERIFF SPADE'S SHOTGUN! LUKE CALMLY FISHED OUT A COLT AND BEGAN LOADING IT... HASH NEVER NOTICED...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

NO TROUBLE SO FAR, SONNY... HEY! WHERE'D YOU GET SHELLS?
THE GRINNING OWLHOOT DIDN'T HESITATE... HE THREW A SLUG THAT JUST MISSED THE SHERIFF'S SON! LUKE'S SHOT DIDN'T MISS...
SOMEONE RUN FOR SHERIFF SPADE! THEY'RE HOLDIN' UP THE BANK!
BLAM!
HEY, SHERIFF -- BANK HOLD-UP!
COME ON, BAX! YOUNG SPADE DOWNED HASH! I GOT 'IM!
FAT JACK SPADE HAD TWO LOADS IN HIS SHOT-GUN! HE FIRED AT THE TWO NEAREST MEMBERS OF THE HART GANG..
HIS SHOTGUN'S EMPTY -- IT'S OUR TURN!
I GOT 'IM!
BLAM!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE SLUG, EH, SHERIFF?
DAD! DAD, LOOK OUT!
LUKE SPADE WAS HURT... BUT HE STAGGERED UP, HIS GUNS ROARING...
THE KID IS... AAANH!
BLAM!
BLAM!
THEY WERE TOO STARTLED TO HELP, THE CITIZENS OF TOMBSTONE -- BUT NOT TOO BUSY TO WATCH LUKE SPADE SINGLE-HANDEDLY ROUND UP THE HART GANG...
DAD! DOC, IS HE...
SHUT UP, BOY! HOW CAN I LISTEN WITH YOU BELLERIN' AT ME!
HE'S DEAD, AIN'T HE, DOC? IT'S ALL MY FAULT! THAT BULLET WAS...
HIS HEART KILLED HIM, LUKE, NOT AN OUTLAW BULLET! HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO BE PROUD OF YOU BOY! THAT MEANT A LOT TO HIM!
I'M ON THE CITY COUNC... I'M APPOINTIN' YOU SHERIFF UNTIL WE CAN HOLD AN ELECTION! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, WE'LL ALL BE BACKIN' YOU, LUKE!
I'M NOT HALF THE MAN DAD WAS... BUT I'LL SURE DO MY BEST!
CONTINUED

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HIS FATHER, WHEN HE WORE THE BADGE, HAD KEPT A REASONABLE STATE OF PEACE IN TOMBSTONE -- BUT LUKE, BEFORE FAT JACK SPADE HAD MADE HIS LAST ARREST, HAD ALWAYS RECKONED HIS DAD WAS TOO SOFT! HE HADN'T ASKED FOR THE SHERIFF'S BADGE -- NOW HE WORE IT, HE FIGURED ON KEEPING THE GUNHANKS PLUMB PEACEFUL -- IN JAIL ... OR BOOTHILL!

S 4642

WHO'S THE LATE DECEASED, MR. SHARPE? I C'N SEE HE DIED W TH HIS BOOTS ON!

THE VICTIM'S MIKE SLOANE, HE TRIED TUH DOWN ME! GOT OFF THE FIRST SHOT!

HOTEL

HE'S YORE PROBLEM NOW, SHERIFF! I'M ... HUH?

I WANT YORE GUN, SHARPE! G'T DOWN -- WE GOT A NEW SYSTEM IN TOMBSTONE!

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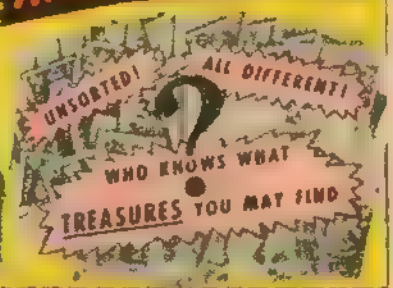

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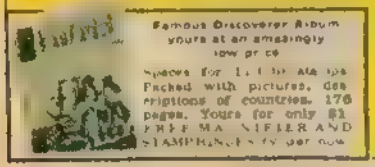
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100 TOY SOLDIERS $1.25

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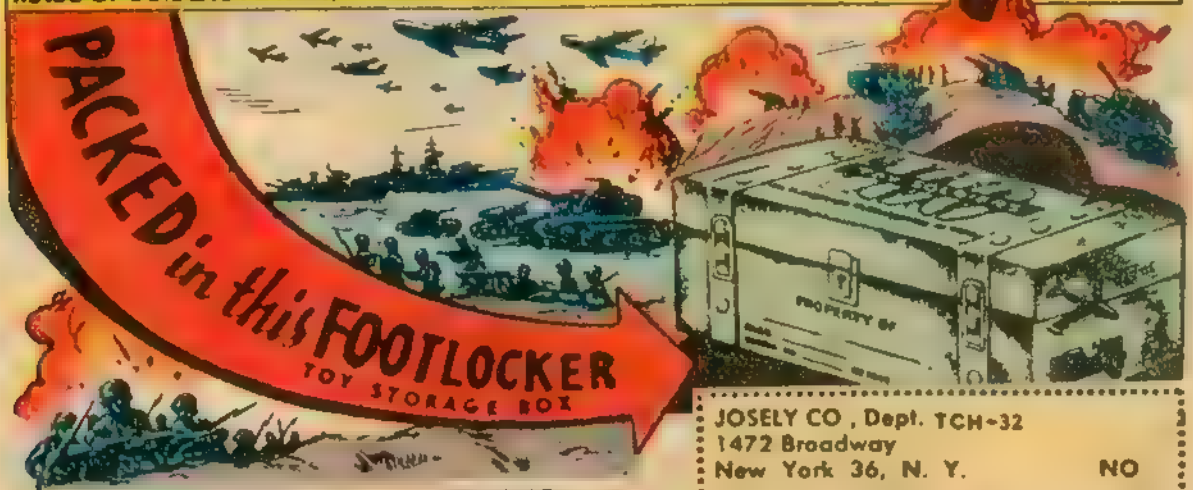

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SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

EVERY HARDCASE IN TOMB-STONE HAD WATCHED ASA SHARPE HEADING FOR SHERIFF LUKE SPADE'S OFFICE! THEY WATCHED THE GUN-HAWK'S HAND TWITCH OVER HIS LOW-SLUNG COLT 45.

GO AHEAD, SHARPE-- TRY ME! ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TUH SIGN A STATEMENT INSIDE-- DO THAT--OR *DRAW!*

LUKE SPADE WAS YOUNG--TOO YOUNG TO HAVE A REPUTATION! HIS SIZE WAS AGAINST HIM TOO! THERE WAS NO NOISE IN TOMB-STONE AS THE NOTORIOUS ASA SHARPE HESITATED...

NOW, WE'LL SEE IF LUKE IS BIG ENOUGH TUH FILL HIS OLD MAN'S BOOTS!

COME ON, SHARPE-- MAKE UP YORE MIND!

YOU GOT THE BADGE, SHERIFF! I DON'T WANT TROUBLE WITH THE LAW! WHERE DO I SIGN THE STATEMENT?

INSIDE, SHARPE! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!

THERE YUH ARE, SHERIFF! NICE LOOKIN' GUNS UP THERE-- YOURS?

NOPE--THEY BELONG TO THE BOYS INSIDE! I'VE BEEN CLEANIN' UP IN TOWN! C'MERE. I'LL SHOW YOU!

ASA SHARPE WAS WARY-- HE EXPECTED A SURPRISE! AND WHEN HE LOOKED, HE SAW THE FASTEST GUNMEN IN TOMBSTONE BEHIND BARS...

YOU MUST BE CRAZY, SPADE! THEY'LL WRECK TOMBSTONE WHEN THEY GET OUT! THEY'RE MY *FRIENDS!*

YEAH, SHARPE, I KNOW! AN' YUH'LL BE IN THERE WITH 'EM IF YUH START TROUBLE BEFORE THE CIRCUIT JUDGE HITS TOWN TUH HEAR THEIR CASES!

GET IT, HARD GUY? START TROUBLE, *ANY* KIND O' TROUBLE, AN' YUH GIT FREE ROOM AN' BOARD!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THEY STILL WEREN'T SURE ABOUT THE SHERIFF! HIS DAD'S OLD FRENDS WERE AFRAID HE COULDN'T FILL HIS SHOES...

THERE'S JUDGE MEANY.' YOUNG LUKE'S GONNA HAVE HIS HANDS FULL RIGHT SOON NOW.'

YEAH -- THE JUDGE'LL RE-LEASE 'EM ALL WITH FINES.'

PAY THEIR FINES -- GIT 'EM OUT *QUICK!* WE'LL FIX THIS TINHORN SHERIFF IN A HURRY.'

JUDGE MEANY USUALLY CHARGES TWENTY-FIVE IRON MEN FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT.' THAT'S ONE HUNDRED AN SEVENTY FIVE -- I GOT IT RIGHT HERE.'

IT WENT RIGHT ON SCHEDULE. JUST AS SPADE KNEW WOULD' THEN COLLECT-ED THEIR GUNS AFTER THEY WERE FREED...

I'LL GIVE YOU GENTS SOME ADVICE ALONG WITH YOUR SIX-SHOOTERS!

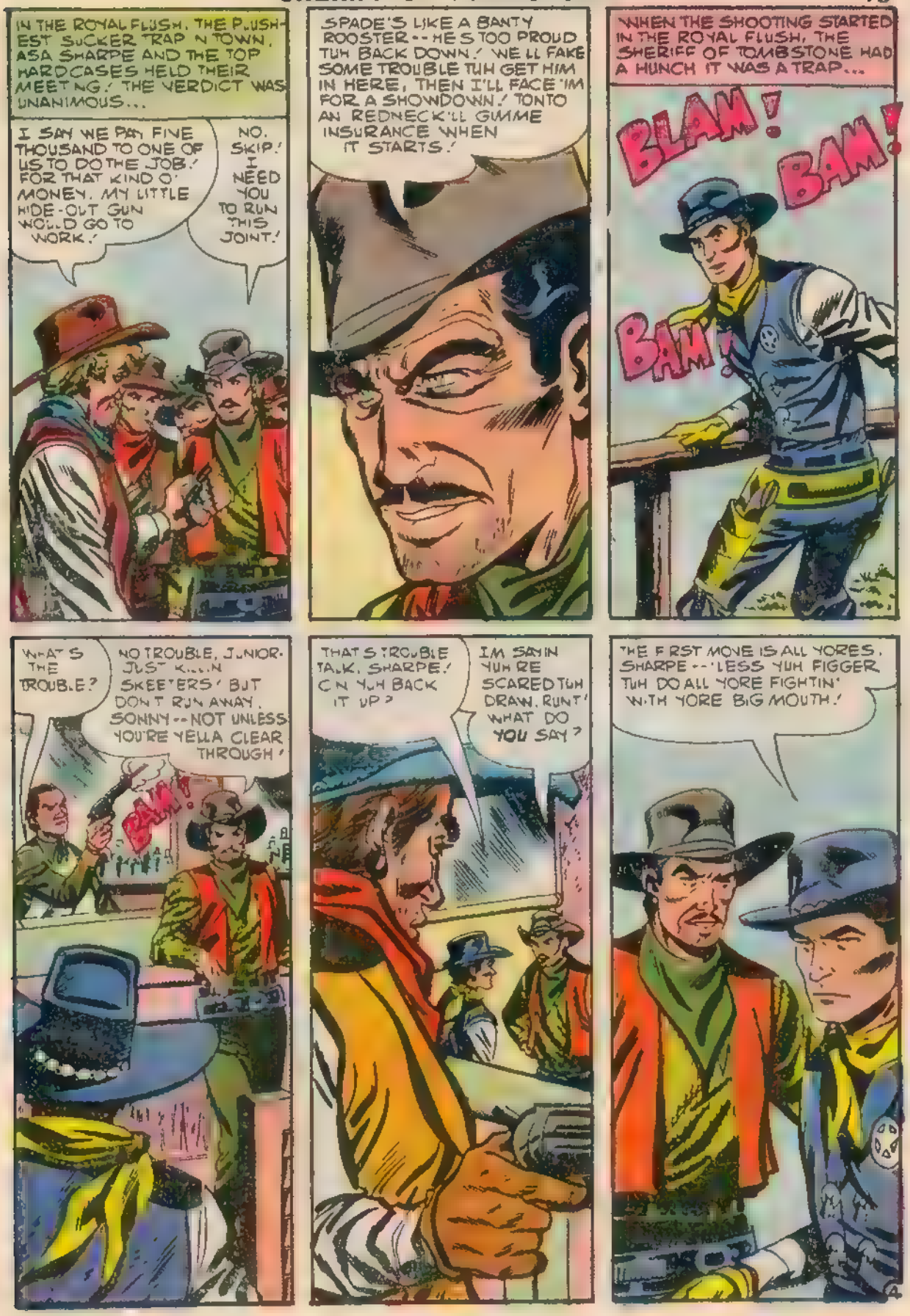
I GOT SOME FOR YOU TOO, SHORTY!

TELL ASA SHARPE TUH CALL IT OFF OR I'LL SEND 'IM TUH YUMA FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.' NOW BEAT IT -- ALL OF YUH.'

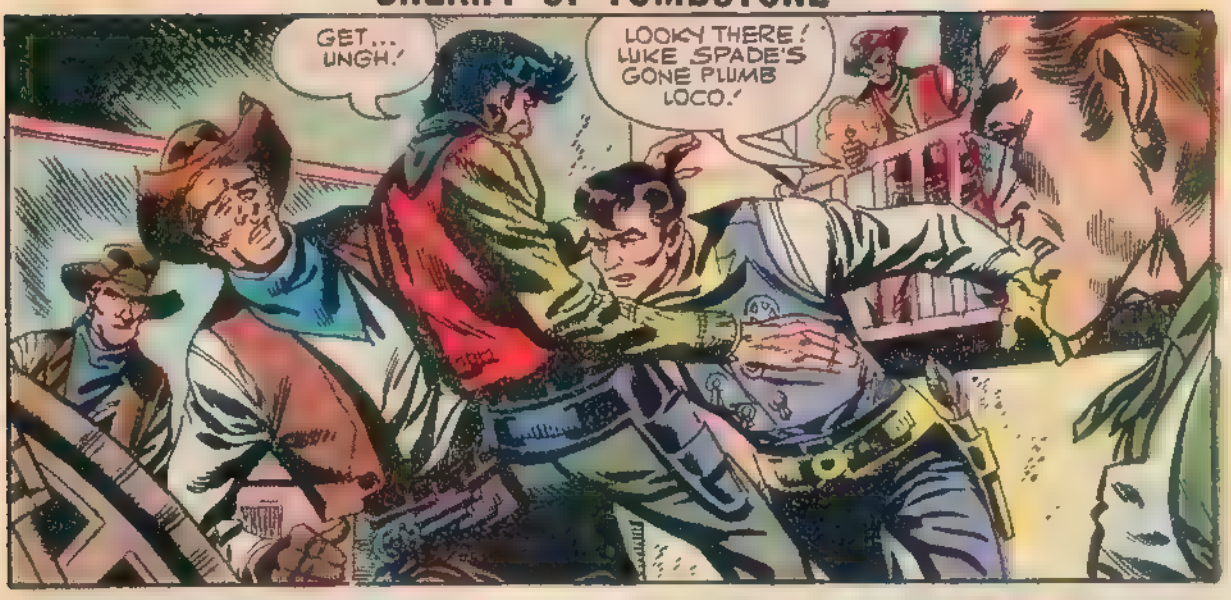
THAT WAS A BIG BRAG, RUNT.' C'N YUH BACK IT UP.?

DON'T CALL ME *RUNT*, JEB.' I'M BETTIN' ALL MY CHIPS AGAINST ASA SHARPE -- I'LL CASH IN BEFORE I BACK DOWN.'

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

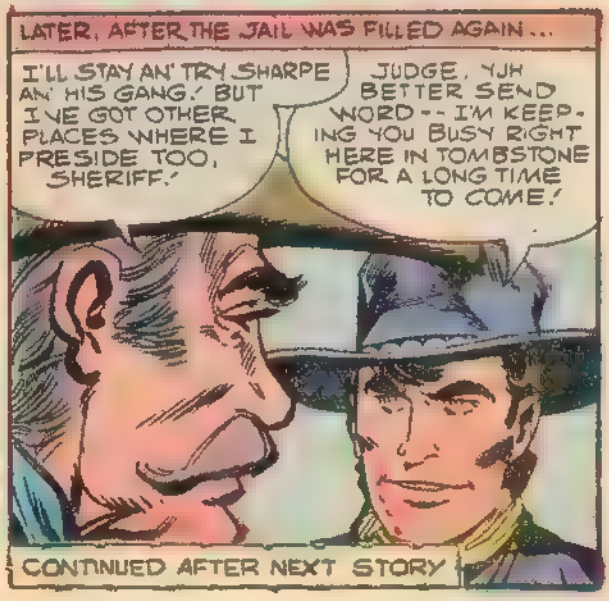

IN THE ROYAL FLUSH, THE PUSHIEST SUCKER TRAP N TOWN, ASA SHARPE AND THE TOP HARDCASES HELD THEIR MEETING! THE VERDICT WAS UNANIMOUS...
I SAY WE PAY FIVE THOUSAND TO ONE OF US TO DO THE JOB! FOR THAT KIND O' MONEY, MY LITTLE HIDE-OUT GUN WOULD GO TO WORK!
NO, SKIP! I NEED YOU TO RUN THIS JOINT!
SPADE'S LIKE A BANTY ROOSTER -- HE'S TOO PROUD TUH BACK DOWN! WE'LL FAKE SOME TROUBLE TUH GET HIM IN HERE, THEN I'LL FACE 'IM FOR A SHOWDOWN! TONTO AN REDNECK'LL GUMME INSURANCE WHEN IT STARTS!
WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED IN THE ROYAL FLUSH, THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE HAD A HUNCH IT WAS A TRAP...
BLAM!
BAM!
BAM!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
NO TROUBLE, JUNIOR. JUST KILLIN SKEETERS! BUT DON'T RUN AWAY, SONNY -- NOT UNLESS YOU'RE YELLA CLEAR THROUGH!
BAM!
THAT'S TROUBLE TALK, SHARPE! C'N YUH BACK IT UP?
I'M SAYIN YUH'RE SCARED TUH DRAW, RUNT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
THE FIRST MOVE IS ALL YORES, SHARPE -- 'LESS YUH FIGGER TUH DO ALL YORE FIGHTIN' WITH YORE BIG MOUTH!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



IT WAS HAPPENING IN SPLIT SECONDS! LUKE NEVER STOPPED MOVING AS HE THUMBED THE HAMMER, TURNING TO FACE THE ONLYHOOT BOSS OF TOMBSTONE...

LATER, AFTER THE JAIL WAS FILLED AGAIN...


I'LL STAY AN' TRY SHARPE AN' HIS GANG.' BUT I'VE GOT OTHER PLACES WHERE I PRESIDE TOO, SHERIFF.'
JUDGE, YUH BETTER SEND WORD -- I'M KEEPING YOU BUSY RIGHT HERE IN TOMBSTONE FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

TRY A TRAP

One look at the rider on the brown stallion and you could at once tell his identity. His face alone was an extraordinary one. The blue eyes looked out with challenging force. In the fashion of the time he wore a walrus tusk mustache cut between a well formed nose and a mouth at once strong and suggestive of emotional control. His hair was blond. He was five feet ten inches tall, but his spare frame made him look taller. His hands could be very tender when they lifted a baby up from a crib. Or they could be so powerful that he could straighten out, by sheer force alone, a horseshoe.

The clothing he wore was of excellent taste and made especially for him. Twice a year, Ben Ruskin the tailor from St. Louis made the trip to measure the rider and make him six suits. The coat and trousers were jet black. His stetson was also of the same color and the brim was a bit narrow. His white shirt was pleated. On the right side of his saddle bag you could spot his name in golden letters: Dr. John W. Anderson.

Maybe he should have been riding a coal black stallion. His horse was light brown with a few flashes of white. High Power was about the fastest thing on hoof. Yet he held his horse down to a snail's pace apparently without any effort. The trail was narrow and dangerous. He had made other plans for that afternoon. Then Mike Venter had shown up at his office.

"Jim's kid is sick. Crying terrible. A big pain in her stomach. Jim wants you to come at once."

So he left Bolton City and rode the level land at a lope. Only now had he slowed down his horse. He rode that way for ten minutes and spotted the Jasper cabin. Soon he was outside and Jim greeted him.

"Mary is in terrible pain, Doc. Must be something terrible."

Jim and his wife Betty remained in the one large room, while Doctor Anderson examined and questioned little Mary carefully. Then he returned to the large room and sat down next to the table.

"I want to talk to you two," he told them. "Mary is o.k. now. She suffered from too much politeness."

There was a puzzled look on the faces of the parents. But they felt relieved that their offspring was in no danger.

"It is a good thing to raise a little girl to be polite and courteous. Yesterday, she visited the Blankens. They asked her to lunch. So she ate with them. Then she came back here and had lunch with you. In the afternoon she went to the Marrow's to play with their little boy. They had a late lunch and invited her to eat with them. Being polite and courteous she did not refuse. She had three lunches! And then home for supper.

So you better tell her that a little girl can eat so much and no more. It isn't impolite to reply to an invitation to eat with words like these: Thank you, but I just ate. Or thank you, but my parents expect me to eat lunch with them. One other thing. She definitely has a weakness for blackberries — especially with cream."

They chatted for a few minutes and then Dr. Anderson's keen ears heard the whine of his horse.

"Riders coming this way," he told the Jaspers.

He went outside and soon two riders appeared. One was Brave One, an Apache, the other was Dottie Wilson. She dismounted and the Indian held the reins of her horse.

"Good thing you told Brave One where you were," she greeted the famous man of the West. "There's trouble ahead for that old miner, Pop Kiney. Two strangers came into the Long Acre. They sat at a table in the rear and talked in a low voice, but I managed to pick up a few phrases of what they said.

Apparently they too have heard the rumor of the gold that Pop Kiney is supposed to have secreted somewhere in his cabin. You know there have been all kinds of stories told about that old man since he came here two months ago. Then the two strangers left. Looks like trouble for the old man."

Dr. Anderson's face was motionless as he listened to the tale. He spoke slowly to Dottie.

"Did one of those men have a long scar on the right cheek? And was one of them a rather heavy man?"

"Well, how did you know?" asked Dottie with evident surprise in her voice.

"You ride back to town alone or Jim will go with you," he said. "Brave One is coming with me."

Dottie replied that she would ride back to Bolton City alone. But first she went inside to see little Mary. Dr. Anderson mounted his horse. He was soon on his way followed by his faithful Indian friend. Around his hip was a full cartridge belt. His revolver had a black ivory grip and was a .44 Colt which swung loosely from a scabbard on his right hip. Underneath his left armpit was a shoulder holster. In this he carried a cut down .44 Colt with a

two inch barrel. A cord around his neck was attached to a weapon designed by himself and which had been made for him by Louis Darley, the gunsmith.

It was a sawed off shotgun with a pistol grip. He carried a sheath knife with a blade that had a razor edge. Even the Indians had a special name for him: La-Srinah-Soo which roughly translated meant Walking Arsenal. In his capacity as Special United States Marshal he had to travel over dangerous territory and he was ready for action — at any time.

The two travelled for about an hour and a half until they saw a rough hewn log cabin. An old gray haired bearded man waved his hands and the two dismounted and walked the rest of the distance on foot.

"Them two rats came and I got them for you. They are the Perley Brothers — Slim and Pete. Down in the hole they are. But they got their guns with them. Been shooting up every now and then."

In front of the doorway to the cabin was a large hole. Doctor Anderson shouted to the two men trapped below.

"Throw your guns up and then we'll drop a rope and bring you two up to the surface."

The reply to that order was a fusilade of shots from their six guns. Then Slim Perley shouted from his trap.

"We done nothing! Just came to pay a social visit to the old man. He rigged this thing up. Right in front of his door. Down we go. Almost broke our legs."

"You two seem to forget you are wanted in Carson City for killing the stage driver after looting the stage. You are also wanted in Tombstone. Helped yourself to some property belonging to the bank," Doctor Anderson replied to them.

The two brothers talked things over. They realized they had to get out of that pit. So they threw up their six guns. Then Brave One let down the rope and soon the two prisoners were above ground.

"Got two pairs of those new handcuffs they made in St. Louis," grinned Dr. Anderson. "You can have the honor of being the first prisoners to try them out. So hold out your hands."

That was the opportunity the two brothers had waited for. As their hands went into a forward position, a concealed knife held in the right arm of each came into action. But fast as they were, they were not quick enough. In a flash they were both on the ground and found themselves looking into the barrel of that well-known sawed off shotgun.

"We'll rope you two up completely and take you to Bolton City," said Doctor Anderson. "Try something again and I promise you will get free medical service."

Late that evening the two brothers were turned over to Sheriff Larson. They were put into separate cells and remained in town for a week. Then United States Marshal Frank Bailey and his two deputies came to town and took the prisoners away.

"That was a good job of getting them," complimented Frank to his lifetime friend. "Now they know that Justice gets you — sooner or later."

Dottie Wilson came over to the sheriff's office. Something was bothering her.

"Pop Kiney was smart. He built that old bear trap and got the two," she remarked to Doctor Anderson. "But others will be tempted to try to get his wealth — if he has any."

"He will soon be richer by about six thousand dollars in reward money," smiled the famous man of the West. "Pop Kiney is an old timer-law officer. He's been sheriff for a good many years. Retired. Now and then he helps out. He set that trap and baited it with the rumor some of my friends spread. Now he's heading for Nevada. Going to try the same stunt there with Sheriff McPherson."

The sheriff laughed. That was the first he knew about it.

"Try a Trap! And what do you get? A crooked sap! Two of 'em."

—THE END—

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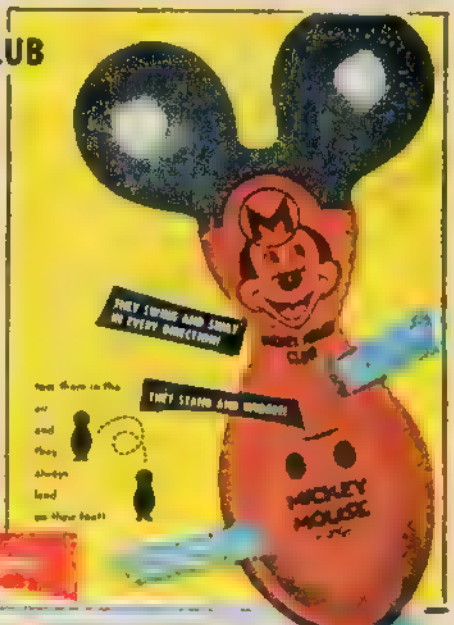

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NO QUARTER

HE HAD ENDURED THE RAVAGES OF WAR, ESCAPED DEATH A DOZEN TIMES! NOW, SICK AT HEART OVER THE SOUTH'S DEFEAT, MILES COOPER HAD COME BACK TO BE COMFORTED BY HIS BEAUTIFUL ANCESTRAL HOME! WHEN HE TURNED INTO THE ONCE OAK-LINED DRIVE, AND VIEWED THE GUTTED RUINS OF HIS HERITAGE, AN ANGUISHED CRY CAME FROM HIM!

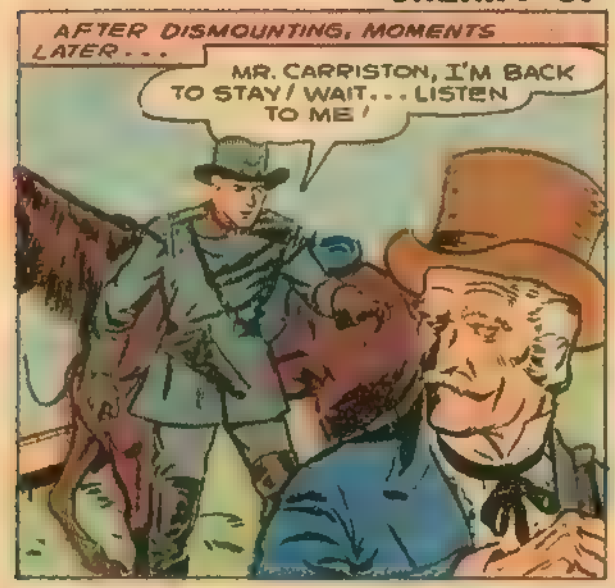
STUNNED BITTERNESS TURNED TO ANGRY OUTRAGE AS HE DISMOUNTED!

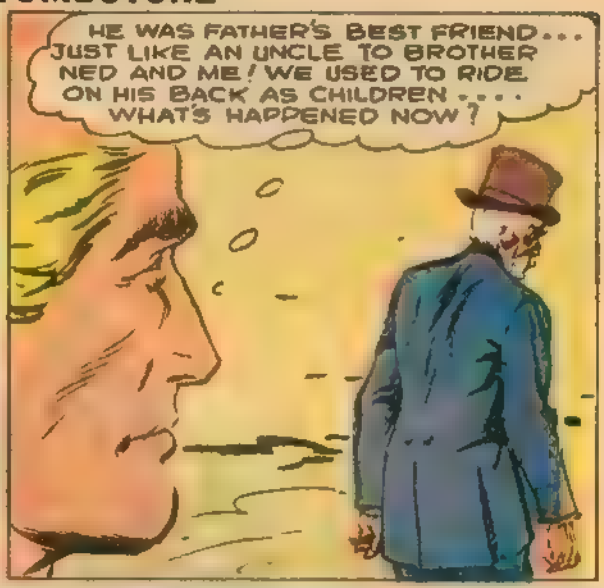
SOMEONE KILLED A DREAM I HAD! WHEN I FIND THAT SOMEBODY..I'LL....I'LL MAKE HIM PAY OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

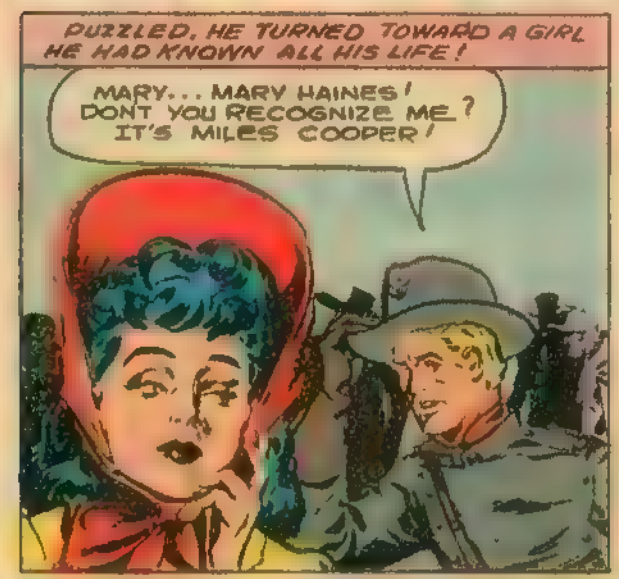
HE TURNED FROM THE HORROR AND RODE INTO NEARBY BLACKSTONE, SEEKING AN ANSWER!

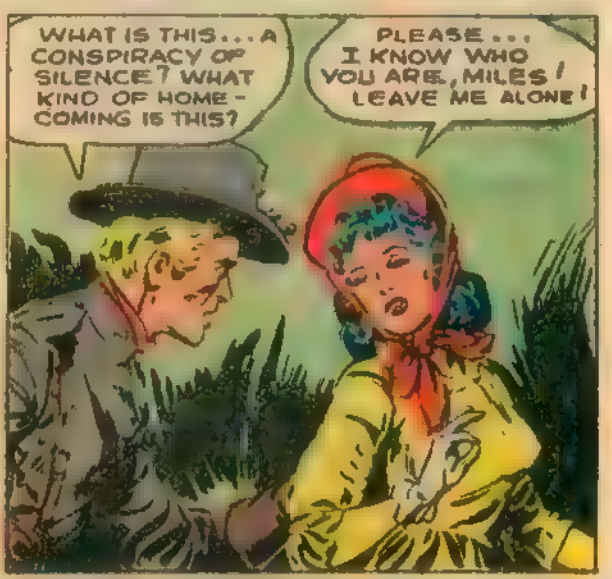
SOMEONE IN TOWN MUST KNOW! WHO DID IT! THEY'RE ALL MY FRIENDS! I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

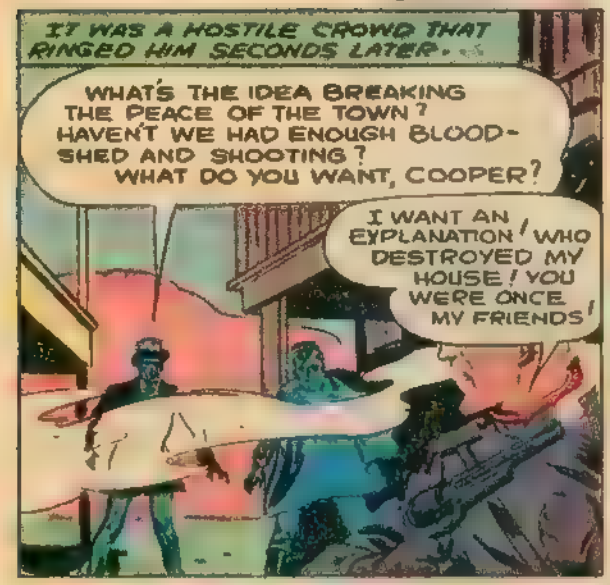


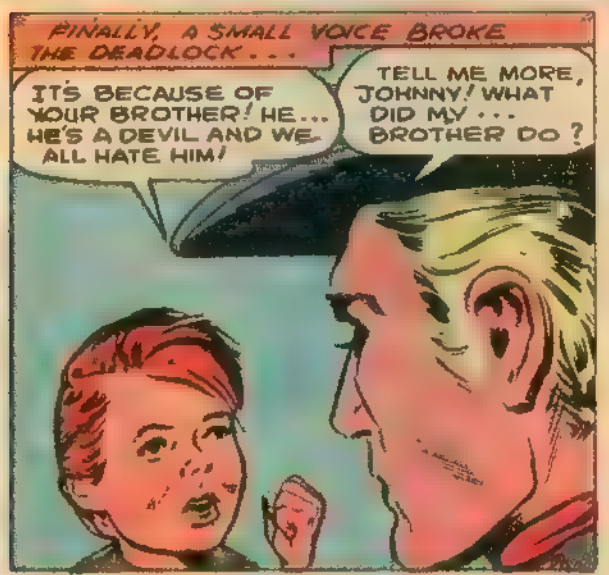

HE WAS FATHER'S BEST FRIEND... JUST LIKE AN UNCLE TO BROTHER NED AND ME! WE USED TO RIDE ON HIS BACK AS CHILDREN.... WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?

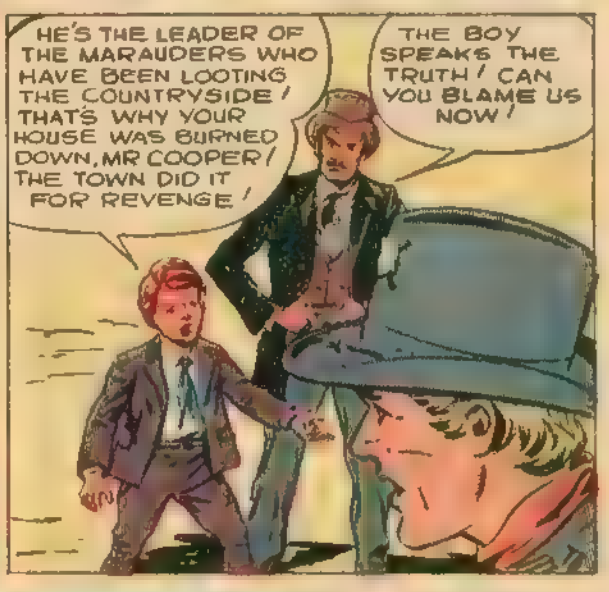


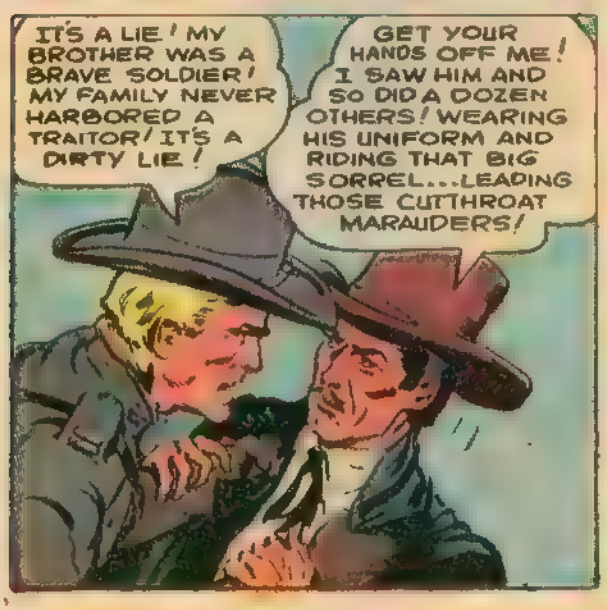


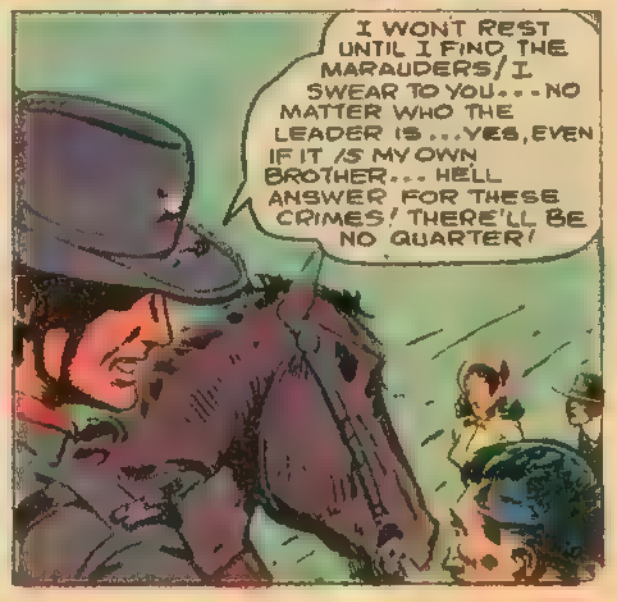
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE


IT WAS A HOSTILE CROWD THAT RINGED HIM SECONDS LATER...
WHAT'S THE IDEA BREAKING THE PEACE OF THE TOWN? HAVEN'T WE HAD ENOUGH BLOOD-SHED AND SHOOTING? WHAT DO YOU WANT, COOPER?
I WANT AN EXPLANATION! WHO DESTROYED MY HOUSE! YOU WERE ONCE MY FRIENDS!

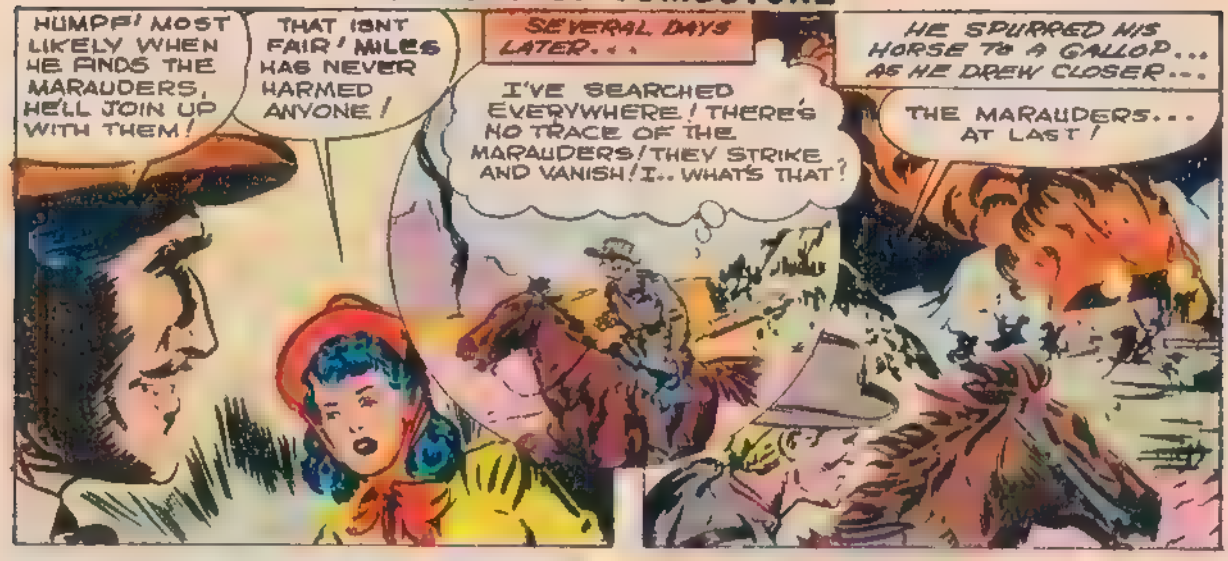

FINALLY, A SMALL VOICE BROKE THE DEADLOCK...
IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR BROTHER! HE... HE'S A DEVIL AND WE ALL HATE HIM!
TELL ME MORE, JOHNNY! WHAT DID MY... BROTHER DO?


HE'S THE LEADER OF THE MARAUDERS WHO HAVE BEEN LOOTING THE COUNTRYSIDE! THAT'S WHY YOUR HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN, MR COOPER! THE TOWN DID IT FOR REVENGE!
THE BOY SPEAKS THE TRUTH! CAN YOU BLAME US NOW!

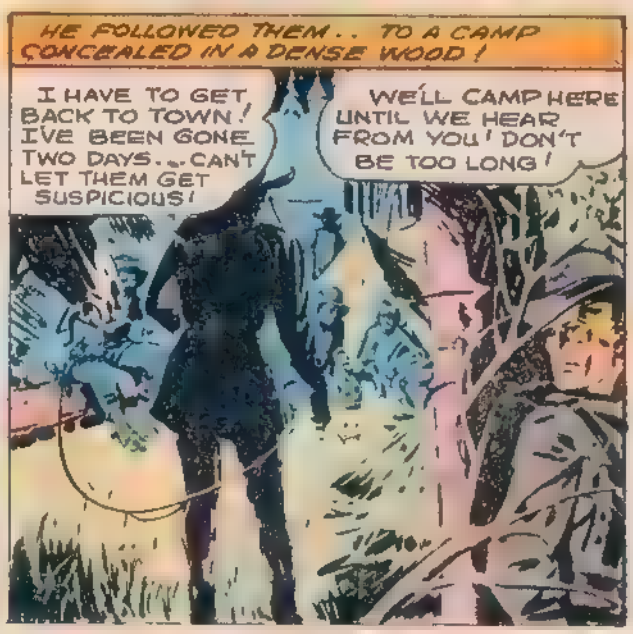

IT'S A LIE! MY BROTHER WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER! MY FAMILY NEVER HARBORED A TRAITOR! IT'S A DIRTY LIE!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I SAW HIM AND SO DID A DOZEN OTHERS! WEARING HIS UNIFORM AND RIDING THAT BIG SORREL...LEADING THOSE CUTTHROAT MARAUDERS!


I WON'T REST UNTIL I FIND THE MARAUDERS! I SWEAR TO YOU... NO MATTER WHO THE LEADER IS... YES, EVEN IF IT IS MY OWN BROTHER... HE'LL ANSWER FOR THESE CRIMES! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE


HUMPF! MOST LIKELY WHEN HE FINDS THE MARAUDERS, HE'LL JOIN UP WITH THEM!
THAT ISN'T FAIR! MILES HAS NEVER HARMED ANYONE!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! THERE'S NO TRACE OF THE MARAUDERS! THEY STRIKE AND VANISH! I.. WHAT'S THAT?
HE SPURRED HIS HORSE TO A GALLOP... AS HE DREW CLOSER...
THE MARAUDERS... AT LAST!

MILES WATCHED INTENTLY FROM A NEARBY THICKET...
THAT SURE WAS EASY! WHAT A LOAD OF SILVER WE GRABBED!
IT'S MY BROTHER'S UNIFORM... HIS HORSE... I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE, YET I KNOW IT'S NOT... MY BROTHER!


HE FOLLOWED THEM.. TO A CAMP CONCEALED IN A DENSE WOOD!
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO TOWN! I'VE BEEN GONE TWO DAYS... CAN'T LET THEM GET SUSPICIOUS!
WE'LL CAMP HERE UNTIL WE HEAR FROM YOU! DON'T BE TOO LONG!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THEN MILES STRUCK, ALL HIS PENT-UP FURY EXPLODING IN ONE SAVAGE BLOW!
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T MY BROTHER!
LET'S SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE! VIC SELWYN! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! YOU'VE ALWAYS HATED OUR FAMILY! GET UP!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WASN'T YOUR BROTHER? I HAD EVERYONE ELSE FOOLED!
THE MOMENT I SPOTTED YOU WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND! NED WAS LEFTHANDED!
LATER, BEFORE AN ANGRY, BEWILDERED CROWD...
WHEN NED CAME HOME ON FURLOUGH, AND FOUND US LOOTING HIS HOUSE, THERE WAS GUNPLAY...AND HE WENT DOWN! THEN, I THOUGHT OF USING HIS UNIFORM AND HORSE!
AND WE HARBORED THIS SNAKE WHILE THE COOPER NAME WAS DRAGGED IN THE MUD! HOW CAN WE EVER MAKE AMENDS?
WE...ALL OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, MILES! WON'T YOU STAY AWHILE!
NOT YET, FIRST, I'LL NEED A GROUP OF EX-SOLDIERS TO BRING IN THE MARAUDERS!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AT THE END OF HIS GRIM MISSION.
I COULDN'T BEAR TO STAY... WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?
WELCOME HOME, MILES! THE LEAST WE COULD DO IS TO GIVE YOU BACK YOUR HOME! STAY...PLEASE!
I'LL STAY... I BELONG HERE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

EVICTION NOTICE

IT WAS A BAD YEAR IN TOMBSTONE--RANCHERS COULDN'T MEET THEIR MORTGAGE PAYMENTS BUSINESSMEN DEFAULTED ON THEIR LOANS--AND E. J. FRISBIE EVICTED THEM AS SOON AS HE LEGALLY COULD! SHERIFF LUKE SPADE HATED DOING IT, BUT IT WAS PART OF HIS JOB!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

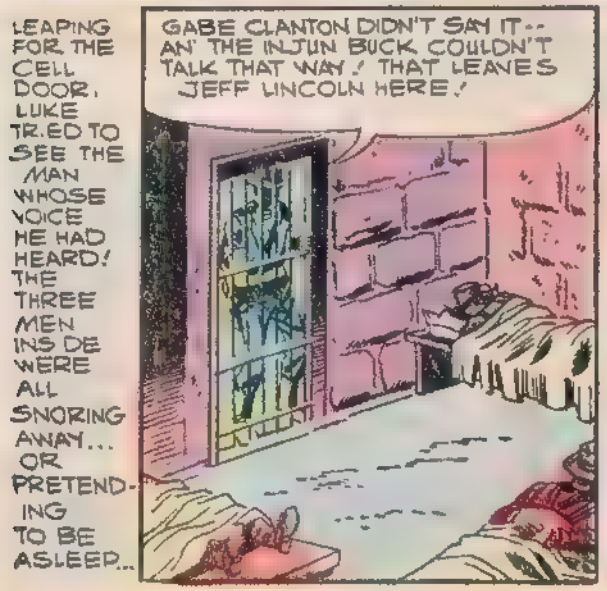
GABE, I RECKON YUH RE UNDER ARREST! YUH WON'T MIND SPENDIN' A FEW DAYS IN MY JAIL AS GUEST OF THE COUNTY THOUGH, WILL YUH?
I CAN USE A FEW SQUARE MEALS, SHERIFF! I HAD NO PLACE TUH GO ANYHOW!
FRISBIE WAS THE MOST HATED MAN IN ARIZONA IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE WAS BUSY KEEPING HIM ALIVE...
I WON'T SHOOT YUH IN THE BACK FRISBIE! TURN AROUND!
YUH WRECKED MY LIFE, BANKER! NOW I'M GONNA WRECK YOU!
NO! DON'T BE A FOOL!
THE HOMESTEADER WAS ALMOST OUT OF HIS MIND WITH WORRY AND CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY! HE TIGHTENED UP ON THE TRIGGER AND...
FRISBIE, IF I DIDN'T WEAR THIS BADGE YUH'D BE IN BOOTHILL A LONG TIME AGO! GET OFF THE STREET-- THAT'S AN ORDER!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY! THE FOOLS HAVE ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME!

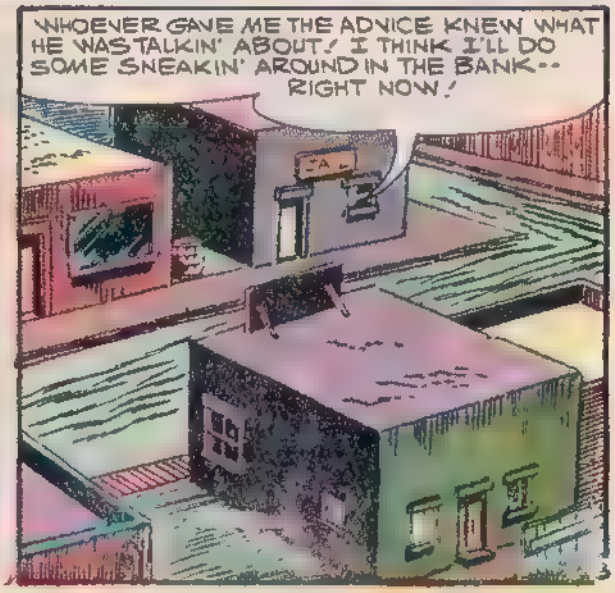
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

...NO BETTER'N A CALF-KILLIN' WOLF!
SURE OUGHTA BE RUN OUT O' THIS TERRITORY!
FRISBIE THINKS HE CAN EVICT THEM AN NOT SUFFER FOR IT! I HOPE I CAN STOP THE MOB ONCE IT MOVES AFTER HIM!

IN HIS OFFICE LUKE SPADE DID A LOT OF THINKING!
DAD WOULD KNOWN HOW TUH HANDLE THIS! I'M GOOD ENOUGH IN A GUNFIGHT BUT LIKE DAD ALWAYS SAID, IT TAKES A LOT MORE THAN A FAST DRAWN TUH MAKE A GOOD PEACE OFFICER!

FAT JACK WOULDA TRAPPED FRISBIE USIN' FRISBIE'S OWN METHOD! HE'S A BANKER, AIN'T HE? WHERE'D HE GET ALL THAT CASH TUH MAKE LOANS? WAS IT HIS OWN MONEY, OR DID HE MISUSE BANK FUNDS?


LEAPING FOR THE CELL DOOR, LUKE TRIED TO SEE THE MAN WHOSE VOICE HE HAD HEARD! THE THREE MEN INSIDE WERE ALL SNORING AWAY... OR PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP...
GABE CLANTON DIDN'T SAY IT-- AN' THE INJUN BUCK COULDN'T TALK THAT WAY! THAT LEAVES JEFF LINCOLN HERE!



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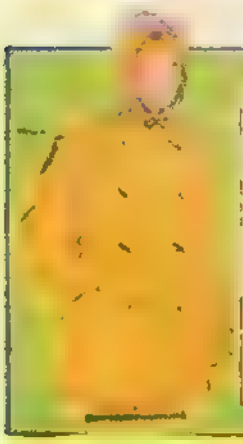
We'll furnish your complete Starting Outfit FREE! Just rush coupon At beginning FREE and POSTPAID *everything* you need to take profitable orders for Kampus King Shoes—sensational Ripple Sole Shoes, insulated Jackets & Boots—Sylfies Shoes—work shoes —210 in all! You can start with Mason in Spare Time, switch over to full time when you like Get your own and family's shoes wholesale! You can't go wrong—so send the coupon now



INSULATED Jacket-Boot Combinations

Warm, INSULATED jacket-and-boot-combinations make a tremendous hit with outdoor workers, sports [illegible] make big chunks of extra cash for Mason salesmen Women's jackets as well as men's now multiply your opportunities with this hot FREE line

Every factory worker, postman, policeman, garage and service station man is your prospect with Mason's complete line of sturdy, long wearing, super-comfort WORK SHOES, which can be worth as much as $45 [illegible] beside your regular profits from your [illegible] dress shoe business

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

Dept. F-100, Chippewa Falls Wisconsin

FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. Dept. F-100
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

OK, Ned! I want to make extra spare time money fast—up to $960 a month for 8 orders a day. Rush EVERYTHING I need to start—FREE and POSTPAID!

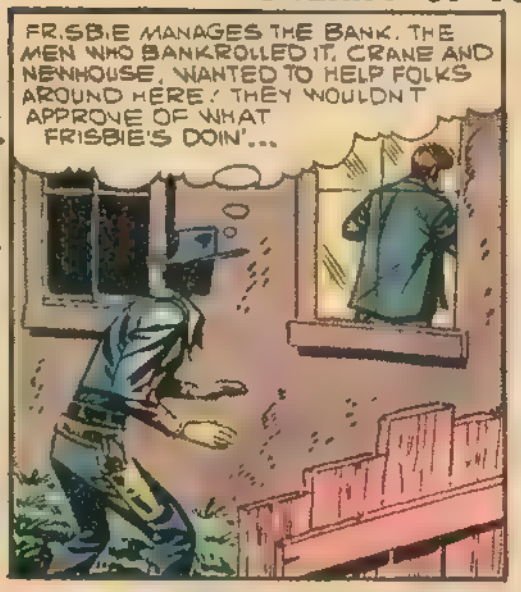
Name _____

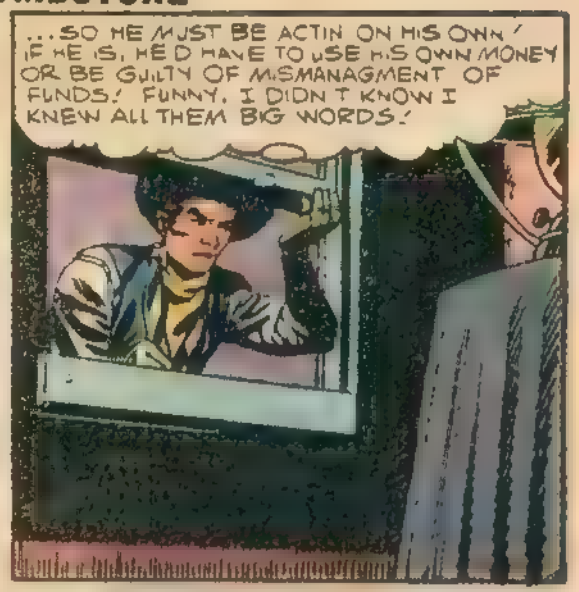
Address _____

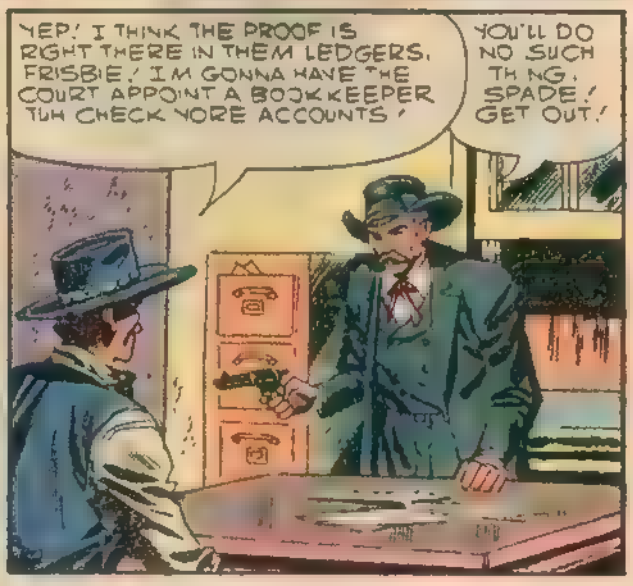
Town _____ State _____

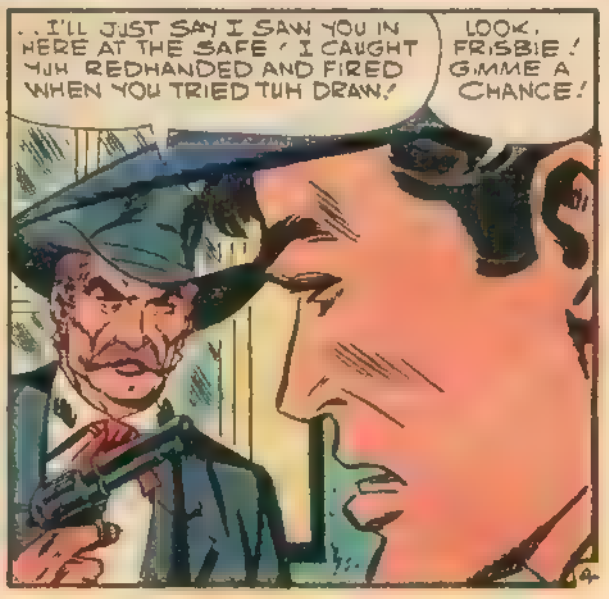
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THERE WAS TROUBLE IN TOMBSTONE.. FRISBIE'S BRAND! AND, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, LUKE SPADE HAD TO STOP IT! HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME...


FRISBIE MANAGES THE BANK. THE MEN WHO BANKROLLED IT, CRANE AND NEWHOUSE, WANTED TO HELP FOLKS AROUND HERE! THEY WOULDN'T APPROVE OF WHAT FRISBIE'S DOIN'...


...SO HE MUST BE ACTIN ON HIS OWN! IF HE IS, HE'D HAVE TO USE HIS OWN MONEY OR BE GUILTY OF MISMANAGMENT OF FUNDS! FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW I KNEW ALL THEM BIG WORDS!


YEP! I THINK THE PROOF IS RIGHT THERE IN THEM LEDGERS, FRISBIE! I'M GONNA HAVE THE COURT APPOINT A BOOKKEEPER TUH CHECK YORE ACCOUNTS!
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, SPADE! GET OUT!


..I'LL JUST SAY I SAW YOU IN HERE AT THE SAFE! I CAUGHT YUH REDHANDED AND FIRED WHEN YOU TRIED TUH DRAW!
LOOK, FRISBIE! GIMME A CHANCE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW, SHERIFF?
YOU'RE USIN' THE BANK'S MONEY AN' POWER TUH MAKE YORE-SELF RICH, FRISBIE! YORE OWNERS DON'T KNOW WHAT YORE UP TO!

YOU'RE TOO SMART, SPADE! YOUR USE-FULLNESS IS ENDED...
GO AHEAD, SHOOT, FRISBIE! YUH CAN'T MISS -- BUT I'M FAST AND I'LL GET OFF AT LEAST ONE SHOT BEFORE I GO!

YUH SURE RUINED OUR PLANS, LUKE! WE WERE AIMIN' TUH DO THAT LITTLE JOB OURSELVES!
COME IN HERE, JACK! I'LL NEED HELP GET-TING FRISBIE OVER TUH THE DOC'S! HE'LL GO TUH JAIL LATER!

AT NOON THE NEXT DAY, SHERIFF LUKE SPADE FACED A CROWD -- NEARLY ALL OF THEM HE HAD EVICTED IN THE NAME OF E. J. FRISBIE...

I TELEGRAPHED CRANE AN' NEWHOUSE -- TOLD THEM THE STORY! THEY WIRED BACK FOR YOU MEN TO GO BACK TO YOUR PLACES! THEY'LL MAKE NEW DEALS WITH YOU -- AN' I WON'T BE COMIN' AROUND WITH EVICTION NOTICES!
END

BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LUKE SPADE, SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE! ASK YOUR STORE-OWNER TO BE SURE TO GET ISSUE NUMBER TWO OF

SHERIFF OF TOMB-STONE

JET "ROCKET" SPACE SHIP! $2.98

THE MOST SENSATIONAL TOY IN AMERICA

It's Gigantic — Almost 6 Feet Long Control levers that work!

FEATURES

- Real Space Ship Design
- Sturdy Interlocked Construction
- Made of High Strength Fibreboard
- Complete Instrument Panel
- Disintegrator Gun
- Full Visibility Hinged Control Cockpit
- Astro-star map
- 2 Steering Planes
- Elevator and Rudder

For you—a real streamlined Space Ship big enough to hold you on trips through space. It's complete with all the newest scientific advances of flights of the future. There's no more make-believe, no more pretending with small models. This is really it!

Imagine all this!

There you are giving orders as captain of your own sleek, streamlined beauty. You check your radar antenna screen for all clear. You test all radio instruments and equipment. You close the hinged cockpit cover and check your Star Map of space. Then, with all your jet and rocket flying equipment in action, you BLAST OFF! You set your course, steering with the directional jets at the stern which are controlled by separate throttles at your fingertips. Your forward disintegrator gun goes into action. Your fully-equipped radar instrument panel shows the target. You release your load of powerful nuclear bombs and bullseye! You return home victoriously, set your reversing mechanism and you're in for a quick landing. This is just an idea of all the wonderful things you can do with your sensational new Space Ship. Sturdily constructed of fibreboard, it will bring you more fun and adventure than you've ever known. Easy to assemble.

Only $2.98

INSTRUMENT PANEL INCLUDES

- Retractable Nose Cannon
- Altimeter
- Jet Steering Levers
- Jet Reversing Lever
- Radar Screen
- Bomb Sight
- Disintegrator Gun Sight
- Oxygen Control

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

Don't delay! Order now! We are so sure you will be thrilled as never before, we offer you a full 10-Day Free Trial under our wonderful MONEY BACK GUARANTEE plan. Because of its gigantic size, we are forced to ask for 63¢ postage charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. SP-76
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my jet "Rocket" Space Ship on 10 Day Free Trial for only $2.98. If I am not completely delighted I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage.
- ☐ I enclose $2.98 plus 63¢ postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you – in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings – fellows who were ashamed of their bodies – into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for *you*. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.

Charles Atlas
Holder of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"
VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY
You can win this strikingly handsome trophy, over 11½ ft. high!

ARE YOU
Skinny and Run Down?
•
Always Tired?
•
Nervous
•
Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
•
Overweight and Short of Breath?
•
Lacking in Vim and Vigor?
•
Slow at Sports?
•
Do you Want to Gain Weight?
•
What to Do About It is Told in My FREE BOOK!

Where Shall I Send Your Copy of My Big FREE BOOK?

Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles where you want them, add inches to your chest and shoulders, make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man – confident, popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health – your personality – your future – WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3257
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3257
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want. (Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight – Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Boys! Girls! Men! Women!

Thrilling, New, Exclusive Ideas in Christmas Cards Will Bring You

MORE EXTRA MONEY

Quicker Easier

THAN EVER BEFORE!

"FEATURE" 21-CARD ASSORTMENT
Our leading seller
Your leading Money-Maker

VELVET SPARKLE
14 Exquisite Cards . . . each a "Jewel"

"HI-SPOTS" CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
A happy surprise in every card

SCRIPTURE-TEXT CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 inspiring Religious Cards

CHRISTMAS STARLETS Ass't.
24 Charming and Lovable Greetings

ROYAL PARCHMENT Assortment
14 Cards of Rare Beauty

For Example: YOU CAN MAKE $50.00 for selling only 50 boxes of our 900 line. Samples Free!

To Prove This we'll send you our famous 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of our exquisite, big-variety Special Value Personal Christmas Card lines PLUS full-color Catalog of our complete, money-making line. Just mail the coupon below. You'll be glad you did.

Here's $75.00 to $500.00 for Your Spare Time

You don't need any experience. This is the fastest, easiest way to make all the extra money you need, and more, in your spare time! Simply show these spectacular, new, first-time ideas in Christmas Cards at low prices. All your friends and neighbors will fall in love with them on sight. Last year thousands of Wallace Brown folks made $75.00, $200.00, $500.00 and even more this easy, simple way. It's fun! Join them by mailing this coupon NOW.

ORGANIZATIONS: Churches, clubs veterans' auxiliaries, etc., can now add hundreds of dollars to their treasuries with these fast sellers. Give organization name on coupon for Fund-Raising Plan.

FREE Actual Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of Popular-Priced, Name-Imprinted **PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite, custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards. They sell just by being shown. It's easy too because . . .

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If writing for an organization, give its name _____